



# I have written you down; You will live forever



death

liveagain

mybookoflife

145 4 21

## Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

*Malie Roberts was 15 years old and a tomboy by heart. She is in my book because she risked her life to save her younger brother from being hit by a car. She died saving him.*

*Jamie Carpenter was 16 years old and was most popular boy in his class. He is in my book for saving a girl who was about to be attacked by a wanted serial killer. He died saving her.*

*La-a Manellas was 13 years old and has never stayed in one house for more than a year in all her life. She is in my book for saving a little girl from drowning at the local river but she drowned saving the girl.*

*Daniel Senrui was 17 years old and was an adopted child. He is in my book because he saved his siblings from a house fire but died himself of smoke inhalation.*

*These 4 teenagers have all sacrificed their lives for someone else. They all died willingly and they all died a hero and a saviour. I have written each of their names in my book of life. They will be resurrected and will live forever. They will resurrect on Saturday at sunrise. They will stay*

*Unhappy to see all these children who died because of their parents' mistakes. I hope their families of this happening*

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Thank you  
Serina Lively (AKA Death)

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I slipped the note into the coroner's letterbox and walked away, my black cloak trailing behind me. I know I can trust that coroner to follow the instructions. Let's hope all goes well when they resurrect...

## Chapter 2 by Micah Jeston



I woke up to the sound of an annoying machine beeping over and over again.

"Shut up," I said wearily, my throat parched.

I opened my eyes to find a long blurry light on top of me. Where was I? I tried to sit up, but instead, I lurched all over my white bed sheets.

"Great job." I thought.

I groaned, managing to sit up and get a better look at the room. There was a little nightstand with some roses on it and a get well soon balloon tied to the vase. There was a huge window on the left of me and a few chairs on the right with a few machines and a stick with a bag on it. I rubbed my back, man, my spine hurts like crazy. I wonder what happened. Then, it hit me. My little brother, the car, me. My eyes widened as I took three shuddering breaths.

Then, I screamed, "What happened to me?"

I grabbed my tousled, brown hair and shook my head and I keep repeating to myself, "What happened." Then, people in white outfits came rushing over to me. Some came over to me and held me down, so I couldn't move and others keep saying soothing words to try to calm down, but their effort was worthless.

The beeping noise got faster and faster. What was happening? I felt hot tears streaming down my face. Why won't this end? Then, I heard a noise, "Sister?"

For a moment I stopped moving and I turned my head toward the sound. I saw a little boy about 5-6 years old with messy light brown hair and wide brown eyes. My brother.

I jumped out of bed and I hugged him. I hugged him with all of my might as my tears keep falling. My little brother was ok. He was ok.

## Chapter 3 by Layla



A woman I recognised as my mother walked into my all white room (was I in the hospital?),

ashen faced. She was dressed in what looked like her pyjamas, as if she had rushed right over in the middle of the night. Her grey hair was short and messy. I didn't remember her having grey hair. Now that I thought about it, I didn't remember her having grey hair. My blood ran cold. What was going on?

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My mother crossed the room slowly, coming around to the side of my bed where I was still embracing my brother, Thomas. I stood up to face her. She hesitantly reached an arm out to touch me, as if she could not believe I was there. When she felt my arm, she took a ragged breath and proceeded to burst into tears and collapse into me. *What was going on?*

Doctors walked in and ushered me back into bed. I heard them talking, saying things like "medical miracle" and "like nothing we've ever seen before", but all I could hear was my mother mumbling the same three words over and over again.

You were dead. You were dead.

*You were dead.*

\*

The doctors took my family outside to talk to them and explain, but nobody thought to explain it to *me*. I was left staring at the white ceiling and fiddling with my hospital gown. *This was the first time in years that I had worn a dress*, I thought to myself.

I felt numb.

I had brief flashes of memory, but nothing concrete. All I knew was that I had been picking up Thomas from kindergarten. He had been playing ball with his friends. The ball had rolled onto the road and he had run after it. I had seen a black SUV heading his way and had cried out for him to stop. But he couldn't hear me. I had run towards him and pushed him out of the way of the moving vehicle. Then I remembered white, hot, blinding pain.

And then nothing.

#### Chapter 4 by Hopefulfirebird



So there I still was, staring at the wall, when suddenly a face appeared. I startled, as it blinked at me. There was no skin, but somehow lips, eyes and nose were all emerging from the wall.

I opened my mouth to speak, but no sound came out. But before I could muster up the courage to actually say anything, it disappeared. Gone. Without any trace.

Instinctively my hand drifted to my head, feeling for abnormalities in my skull. There was a small scar, but I'd always had that one. I had a trauma, but nevertheless, I must have hit my head hard. Fa

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A nurse entered, a wide smile on her face, though her eyes gave its falseness away. There was a weariness to them, a glint of fear. Her nervousness set me on edge, scared of what she knew about me that I didn't.

"Do you want anything to drink? Anything to eat?", she asked, still putting on an act of friendliness. I shook my head, although I was starting to feel peckish. Maybe if I didn't she'd tell me what was up. Hopefully.

## Chapter 5 by Jenna Benson



"Actually, could I have some water?" I asked her. I knew she wouldn't tell me what was up, I wasn't even sure if she knew. Either she was hiding something from me because she was scared of me, or something else...

"Of course, let me go get you some," she smiled, a false smile, her shoes hitting the wood floor as she left the room.

It was there again. The face, emerging from the wall.

"Stop hallucinating," I told myself, hoping for the face to go away. And it did, sinking back into the wall. Obviously, I had hit my head pretty hard. I heard the clicking of shoes, as the nurse walked back into the room with some water.

"There you go, honey," she said as she handed the water to me. I took a sip, and it was the coolest, most refreshing thing I had tasted for a while. There just wasn't something right about the water, but I couldn't put a pinpoint on it.

As the nurse left the room, I felt something. It was similar to the feeling I had felt when I had... I couldn't say it. Died. White, hot, blinding pain. Except, it wasn't pain. I just couldn't describe the feeling.

And then, the face emerged from the wall, its body growing out. It didn't sink back in, though. It was unhumanly, yet, it seemed somewhat human.

"So, fancy meeting you here, Mal." See more of Story Wars

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